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POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

In a green mossy knell, by the banks of the brook
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lulling lullaby keep;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped
His last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.
The blue-bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,
Its warbling oft cheered him while holding the plow;
And the robins above him hop light on the mould,
As he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped
His last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.
The tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say
It would live when its planter had mouldered away;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped
His last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.
The seat where he sat by his own cottage door,
In the still summer eve, when his labors were o'er,
With his eye on the moon, and his pipe in his hand;
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the land,
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped
His last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.
Twas a gloom giving day when the old farmer died,
The stout-hearted mourner, the affectionate cried:
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a brother, a man, and a friend;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped
His last grain,
No morn shall awake him to labor again.
For upright and honest the old farmer was;
His God he revered, he respected the laws;
Though famless he lived, he has gone where his
worth
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of his
earth;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped
His last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.—"When I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas, they get up now in our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a debt, and insisted on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies 'then I have no hope; I have not a friend in the world.' 'What will no one be bail to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have one friend at least, my poor young woman' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance; 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you (turning to the frightened actor), if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it; sheltering me, 'the poor distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance against my mimic prosecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the managers attempting to arrive and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank notes.

LEISURE is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear.—The ruin of millions may be traced to it.

TRUTH overcomes falsehood, and suspicion cannot live before perfect frankness.

EXTEND thy generous aid to him who is suffering and in distress; for thou knowest not how soon the same proffered services will need be extended to thee.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY.

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SELECTED TALE.

From Peterson's Ladies National Magazine.

CRAZY ELLEN.

BY MRS. ELLEN C. R. DORR.

I HAD received a cordial invitation from the parents of Lizzie Elliot, to spend a few weeks with her in her pleasant home. I had not seen her since the day after examination, when we parted six months previous, and was by no means unwilling to comply with their request. One day's ride brought me to the quiet village where she resided; and when the parting steeds halted before a small white cottage, with a porch in front, extending the whole length of the building, and enclosed on either end with lattice work, over which a running rose and honeysuckle had been trained, both of which were in full bloom; while the thick shrubbery in the yard, and the tall trees whose branches hung droopingly over it, gave the little dwelling the appearance of a bird's-nest half-hidden by the green foliage, I thought I had never seen a lovelier spot. Sure enough it was a "bird's nest," and there was the "bird" that dwelt in "the sheltering nest," in the shape of my sweet Lizzie, standing in the porch, and clapping her little hands as the long-looked-for vehicle drew up at the door.

The evening passed rapidly away, and at an early hour I retired fatigued with the day's journey. The next morning I arose refreshed, and quite ready to fall in with any or all of Lizzie's plans for amusement. We returned about sunset from a long ramble; and somewhat tired I threw myself upon a sofa, and commenced carelessly touching the strings of Lizzie's guitar; but soon started to my feet again as the tones of a voice singularly wild, yet clear and sweet, arose apparently from the shrubbery, a short distance from the window. "Oh! it is poor, Crazy Ellen," said little Alice, running to the door, "there she sits under that big tree in the corner. May I go and carry her some of these cherries, mamma?" And receiving the desired permission, the little sprite darted away on her errand of kindness. With my curiosity strongly excited, I stepped out into the porch, in order to obtain a better view of the songstress.

She was a woman of apparently about middle age—but owing to the singularity of her general appearance, it was difficult to decide the question. Rather below than above the average height of woman, her figure was exquisitely proportioned, and every quick, wild motion was grace itself. Her hair, which was rich brown, had been cut off, and now cluster'd in short, glossy curls all over her head and around her face, giving it a child-like expression, that contrasted strangely with the deathly pallor of her cheek, and the deep, burning lustre of her large, restless eyes. She had thrown herself upon the grass, and was singing an air now soft and plaintive, and so replete with mournful tenderness, that you might have deemed it the last sad wail of a breaking heart; and anon, with a startling transition it would grow joyous as a wild-bird's note, and come gushing from her lips as if she were the very personification of mirth and gladness. Perceiving that she was observed she sprang suddenly to her feet, and was out of sight in an instant.

"Oh! mamma, and Sister Lizzie, and you too, Miss Jessie, see what a queer basket Ellen gave me when I offered her the cherries," said Alice, tripping into the parlor, her bright face beaming with happiness, "I suppose she made it herself."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Elliot, "that is one of her favorite occupations. You can find them just commenced—half-finished, and completed in all her haunts, and scattered through the forest wherever she has wandered. It is skillfully woven too," she added, as she took the curiously wrought fabric in her hand, "and she has displayed a good deal of ingenuity in its construction. You perceive it is formed of the slender branches of the willow and of bark intricately woven together." Drooping her head she gazed long as if lost in thought upon the basket, then with a deep and long-drawn sigh she murmured, half unconsciously, "poor Ellen! poor, poor Ellen!"

"She is a resident of your village then," I remarked; "do you know anything of her history, Lizzie? I cannot help fancying that there is a thread of romance running through her web of destiny."

"Where will you find one human being in whose history there is not some tale of romance? But there is a long story connected with poor Ellen, as we always call her. I remember hearing something of it when I was a little girl. Mother, you

promised me a long time ago that you would tell me all the particulars. Will you do so now? I know Jessie would like to hear the story. Come, let me draw this large chair out in the porch, and little Ally will bring the foot-stool. Will you tell us the tale now, mother?"

Mrs. Elliot assented, and we were soon all comfortably arranged, Mrs. Elliot in the arm-chair, Lizzie and I with our work, and Alice seated at her mother's feet, with her curly pate resting on her knee.

"I do not profess to be much of a story-teller, my children," Mrs. Elliot commenced, "But—"

"Why, mamma," interrupted Ally, "I think you tell the prettiest stories of anybody." Bidding her be quiet, and smiling at the childish compliment, her mother proceeded—

"But if you wish to hear poor Ellen's history, I will endeavor to re-call the events as they occurred, and relate them to you as systematically as possible. I have known Ellen Howard from her infancy. Death had often entered the parsonage, and of all those whose footsteps were wont to echo through the halls, none remained save one old minister and his maiden sister. When the news came that William—the eldest son—who was a sailor, the pride and delight of his father's heart, had been shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, and that his widow and child were in New York, Mr. Howard, in spite of his years and infirmities, started immediately in pursuit of them. Prayers and blessings followed him; and when, after a few weeks, he returned, bringing with him a lovely little girl about two years old, (the young mother had joined her husband in the spirit land) there was not a single heart in the whole parish, that did not rejoice that the old man had again found 'something to love—something to cling to—something to clasp affection's tendrils round.'

"A sweeter child than Ellen Howard never gladdened any hearthstone, and the orphan girl was soon the pet and plaything of the whole village. Her grandfather seemed to grow young again, now that the sound of merry voices and zinging laughter was heard as of yore in his dwelling; and as he joined in the little one's gambols, tossing her high in the air until she screamed aloud, half in delight, and half in terror, or listened to her artless prattling, he half forgot that, once by one, he had laid all of his own children to sleep by their mother's side—all save one, and he—he lay where pearls lie deep."

"The years rolled on apace, and when the flowers of seventeen summers had sprang up in her pathway, Ellen Howard was by far the loveliest girl in the whole parish. She is now only the wreck of what she then was, but even yet there are traces left of the grace and beauty so lavishly bestowed upon her.

"Everybody loved her—she was so good-hearted and affectionate—so pure-minded and confiding, and so gay and sprightly withal that no one could help loving her; not even old Dame Beewell, who had won for herself an unenviable notoriety by her fault-finding propensities, and who had never before been known to speak a kind word of any one.

"And if everybody loved, there was one who seemed to worship her. Edgar Stanley was the 'only son of his mother, and she a widow,' and they resided in that elegant mansion across the river. You can see it if you stand here, Jessie. There, look between that white rose-bush and the lindens, and you can see the chimneys and part of the building—the rest is hidden by the trees.

"Edgar had played a brother's part in all her childish pleasures and pursuits, and had been her champion in all her childish difficulties. He left the village to complete his studies, and when he returned he found the little fairy from whom he had parted four years previous, transformed into a beautiful being, possessing all the purest and loveliest traits of woman's character, while she retained all the artlessness and simplicity of a child, and his heart yielded to the influences of a still stronger attachment.

"With all the characteristic ardor of his temperament he sought to win her love.—The attempt was not a vain one, and, ere many months had passed, it was well known throughout the village that Ellen Howard was the affianced bride of Edgar Stanley.

"It was one of those very rare 'matches' with which even village gossips could find no fault. Both were young, both intelligent, the friends of the parties on either side were pleased; Stanley was, in country parlance, independently rich, and they

loved each other dearly. What more was wanting? Yet there were a few who looked below the surface of things—who feared that there was in the young lover's character a want of that firmness of principle, of that fixed adherence to the right, and of that unwavering fidelity that could alone render him a fit companion for one so gentle and confiding as our Ellen.

"Oh! Mrs. Elliot," said Ellen, as with an open letter in her hand she entered my room one bright morning, (you were a babe then, Lizzie,) "I have such good news!—You have heard of my cousin Vernon, who lives in Georgia? I have just received a letter from her, in which she speaks of her intention to spend the summer in Sunnydale, if Uncle Howard can find a spare corner in the quiet parsonage for his stranger niece. I am so glad she is coming! I know we shall love each other."

"The 'spare corner' was found, and in a short time the expected guest arrived. I have many times, my children, seen those whom I regarded as beautiful; but I have never met any one who could compare favorably with Isabel Vernon. I cannot describe her. I might borrow the language of the novelist, and tell you that she was tall and surpassingly graceful—that her eyes were large, dark, and eloquent—now seemingly full of 'thought and prayer,' and now flashing with a brilliancy almost too dazzling—that her brow was white and pure as marble, and the wealth of hair above it black and glossy as the raven's wing. I might tell you all this, but I can give you but a faint idea of the charm, the witchery, the fascinating power that dwelt in each word, look and gesture. Ellen was perfectly enraptured with her sweet Cousin Bel.

"Walks, rides, parties, followed each other in quick succession, and Edward Stanley was the constant companion of the two fair girls. For a while Ellen's whole time and attention was devoted to her guest; but as the weeks sped away and Isabel became domesticated in the dwelling of her uncle she returned again in some degree to her wonted pursuits, and to those household duties that had been interrupted by her cousin's arrival, and the accompanying festivities.

"Then it was that Stanley—of course out of the merest civility to the friend of his betrothed—often accompanied the beautiful southerner upon her rambles far from the restraining presence of others, and rumor began to whisper that sometimes in the clear moonlight evenings their walks were prolonged to an unreasonably late hour.

"Affairs went on thus for some time, until every one save Ellen was convinced that Miss Vernon was stealing, and that willfully, the heart she well knew was pledged to another by every bond, save the last one at the altar. She, poor girl, thought in her innocent confidence that it was but another proof of the love her Edgar bore her, that for her sake he should give so much of his time to a comparative stranger—and use so many endeavours to make the summer pass pleasantly to Cousin Bel.

"To do Miss Vernon justice, I do not think that at first she either wished or intended to win Stanley's affections. But she was a coquette at heart and from her very childhood had been the recipient of unrivalled homage and admiration. She saw that Ellen was almost idolized by her friends; that with them she was the one bright, peculiar star, excelling all others. She could not brook such a rival, and resolved to triumph by leading her cousin's lover captive, and showing the wondering villagers that their paragon's simple graces must yield to her superior charms. But, as is often the case, she was entangled in the snare her own hands were weaving; and learned to love Stanley with as passionate and devoted a love as her cold, vain heart was capable of cherishing.

"One sultry morning, about the middle of August, the news spread like wild-fire through the village, that Ellen was dangerously ill. The attack was sudden and violent; ere nightfall she was delirious, and her lips were parched and burning with the fever-thirst. For many days we hung around the couch of the gentle sufferer, bathing her hot, aching brow, and striving in vain to alleviate her anguish, and our hearts grew faint within us as we looked in each other's faces and saw that they were lit up by no rays of hope.

"At last the fever left her, but she was feeble and helpless as a newly born babe, and utterly unconscious of aught that was passing around her. It seemed as if her exhausted nature could never regain its wonted energy—and as we bent over her

we held our very breath, trembling lest even that should be sufficient to snap the brittle thread of life.

"But where, do you ask was Edward Stanley during these dark hours? He called at the house each day and did not fail to inquire after the sufferer, and to ask if he could render any assistance; but the words fell coldly from his lips, and the eager interest of the lover was all wanting.—Even before the question was answered his eye would wander about in search of the new star, whose false beguiling beam was luring him onward.

"As for Miss Vernon herself, she always kept aloof from the chamber where her cousin lay—she 'never could endure the sick-room, her health was delicate, and her nerves so weak that the sight of suffering always overcame her!'

"It was at this crisis that one afternoon Stanley's carriage drew up at the door of the parsonage, Isabel entered it and they drove off. Night came and they returned not. Morning dawned, and we ascertained that they had been married the evening previous, and departed for Miss Vernon's southern home.

"They had chosen their time well!—Their poor victim knew not of their treachery—and had no voice to give utterance to reproaches.

"It may have been wrong, but as I stood that day listening for the faint and almost inaudible sound of Ellen's breath, I hoped that she might die, I so dreaded the hour of returning consciousness. What could be done!—how could we tell her the terrible tale!—terrible indeed to that young heart whose very life was bound up in the dream from which she must be so rudely awakened.

"But my wish was not granted. At length the blue eyes slowly opened, a faint smile lingered upon the lips, and we knew that once again we were recognized. Attempting to raise her wasted arms, that were as white as the snowy counterpane upon which they rested, she feebly murmured her grandfather's name, and the old man bowed his head upon the pillow, and sobbed aloud like a very child. Her first inquiry was for Stanley; the next for her cousin; he avoided a direct reply by telling her she was yet too ill to talk, and that her life depended upon her keeping perfectly quiet.—but many times the next day, and the next she repeated the question, and it was evident that the truth could be concealed but little longer. She scanned each face with an eager, anxious eye, and on the fourth day said to me, as I stood by her bedside, 'Something has happened since I have been sick, Mrs. Elliot—something very dreadful has happened. Nay, do not turn your face away, nor fear to tell me the truth. Is Edgar dead? I have been very near death myself—I have stood upon the very verge of the dark valley, and it did not look dark or dreary. I used to think it would be a terrible thing to die; but my feelings have altered since I have lain here. Now tell me is Edgar dead? We shall not be separated long.'

"Tears were blinding me, long ere she had done speaking, and whispering that she should soon know all, I stepped into the parlor where her grandfather was sitting, told him what had occurred, and that the truth could be concealed no longer. We returned to her bedside.

"She looked up in our faces with a sweet smile, and her grandfather bent over her, kissing her pale brow, cheek and lips, and murmuring words of fond endearment.

"Tell me all now," she whispered, and he took her hand in his and told the tale slowly, gently, tenderly, even as a mother would have addressed the young being before him.

"Ellen's face was turned from us before he concluded; but she lay quiet, and I thanked God in my heart that the task was over. We had remained silent for some minutes when her grandfather rose to leave the room; but his glance fell upon Ellen's face, and a low cry of agony burst from him. I sprang forward—her eyes were open but fixed, and rayless—her cheek was like that of the dead, and no breath came from the white lips.

"We thought that the pure spirit had departed, but after some hours our efforts to revive her proved successful, and the ashen hue fled from her cheek. But the light of reason never returned to those beautiful eyes.

"Health returned to her, and she now generally seems to be happy, but our hearts are even saddened when we re-call the story of Ellen Howard."

"What became of Stanley and his treacherous bride, Mrs. Elliot?"

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

OCTOBER, 1850.	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	How water
19 SATURDAY,	6 36	5 24	1 26	5 45
20 SUNDAY,	6 38	5 22	1 18	6 30
21 MONDAY,	6 39	5 21	1 56	7 15
22 TUESDAY,	6 41	5 19	6 30	8 3
23 WEDNESDAY,	6 42	5 18	7 19	8 53
24 THURSDAY,	6 43	5 17	7 54	9 46
25 FRIDAY,	6 45	5 15	8 45	10 41

Moon, 3d qr., 28th day, 0 h. 15 m. evening.

"They never returned to Sunnydale.—Stanley has had his reward. His wife deserted him a few years after their marriage, and in his lonely home he bitterly rues the day when, infatuated by her beauty, he led her to the altar."

BE GENTLE.—There are some persons that appear from their acts every morning as if they had slept upon a bed of thorns.—Their first word to the children or dependents is a cross one, and as the day wears on—as the sun lights his glorious course through the heavens, the whole earth beneath him, he brings no joy to the cheerful heart, but in sunshine as in storm and darkness, it will be miserable, and make others wretched.

Oh, what folly! How unhappy the morose, the fretful, and the passionate are; and how they scatter the blight of their misery about them!

Scold, scold, is the order of the day with them. Alas for the poor dependent child that comes under their jurisdiction.

Hundreds have thus been made a wreck whom kind words and gentle acts would have made useful. And who must suffer the penalty? Those who have committed the transgression. For as sure as punishment follows error and crime, so certain will it be with the unkind. It may not come for years. They may go on abusing and oppressing those who are beneath their control. But in an hour, perhaps, when they least expect will fall the blow sudden and severe, that will fill them with anguish, and call up to their minds in their wakeful night hours, the wrong they have done.—Conscience seared though it may be, and hardened, will wake to life, and make the professor feel the puncture of a thorn keener than the callous ever dreamed it could be.

Kindness to others will always create happiness in the giver and the recipient.—The gentle will ever be beloved, and their influence upon the heart will be like the zephyr of summer, stirring the heads of flowers, as if to unfold their rich beauties in greater profusion, and scatter wider the fragrance of their grateful perfume.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING, and I'll have it," says some blackleg, as he finishes a luxurious repast; 'here landlord, another bottle of prime Madeira! Half a dozen empty-headed fops, who sit gazing on it by stealth in silent admiration, hail the sentiment with rapturous applause. 'That's it; the world owes us a living and we will have it! Landlord, more wine here! we won't go home till morning! Let's go it while we are young. Who cares for expense? The consequence of this is, the pilfering of money drawers, the ignominious loss of employment, loafing, &c. &c., until one of these enterprising men, in eager pursuit of the "good living" the world owes him, puts the wrong man's name to his check, or in some way gets a ticket for the marble palace at Sing Sing, where the State provides a living for those it considers deserving, but not such a one as consorts with their own estimate of their exalted merits.

The great error in this case is in the original maxim. It is false and detestable. The world owes you a living? How owes? Have you earned it by good service? If you have, whether on the anvil, or in the pulpit, or as a teacher you have acquired a just right to a livelihood. But if you have eaten as much as you have earned, or worse still, done little or no good, the world owes you nothing. You may be worth millions, and able to enjoy every imaginable luxury without care or effort; but if you have done nothing to increase the sum of human comforts, instead of the world owing you anything, as fools have babbled, you are morally a bankrupt and a beggar.

Mankind are just awakening to consciousness of the duty resting on every man to be active and useful in his sphere. All are not called to dig, or hew, or plough, or plane, but every man has a sphere of usefulness allotted to him by Providence, and is unfaithful to his trust if he deserts it for idle pomp and heedless luxury. One man may be fitted by nature and inclination for an artisan, another for a sailor, but no man ever born is fitted for an idler and a drone. Those who become such are the victims of perverse circumstances, and a deplorably false education.

TO BEGIN in the good way is well; to continue in the path is better; and to persevere unto the end, is best of all.

PEOPLE seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer *AMERICA* arrived at Halifax on Tuesday last; her news is not very important.

ENGLAND.—Dispatches have been received from Sir John Ross, stating that on the 13th of August, three Esquimaux were found on the ice of Cape York, and on being questioned, they stated that in the winter of 1846 two ships were broken by the ice in the direction of Cape Dudley Digges, and afterwards burnt by a fierce tribe of natives. That the ships in question were not whalers, and that epaulettes were worn by some of the white men. That part of the crew were ironed, that the remainder were sometimes in houses or tents apart from the natives; that they had guns but no balls; that being in a weak and exhausted condition they were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows. The paper from which the above is copied says:—"There is good reason to believe that the whole story is a gross misconception," but what the reason is, is not stated.

The American ships *Advance* and *Rescue* had penetrated as far as any aquadron; but at the departure of the last advices, the *Advance* had got aground, but no serious injury was apprehended.

Parliament will meet on the 14th of November, to be further prorogued.

ITALY.—The high court of appeal at Turin has condemned, by a majority of 13 to 1, the Archbishop, for abuses of his high powers as a functionary. The seat is declared to be vacant, all his spiritual domains are seized, and the Archbishop himself condemned to banishment. The Archbishop Cagliari, in Sardinia, has been treated like his colleague in Turin, and both have been shipped off.

CIVITA VECCHIA.—The power of the Pope will not, it seems, shield these obnoxious personages, the precise nature of whose crimes is not stated. All parties concur in stating that they have rendered themselves exceedingly obnoxious.

FRANCE.—M. Persigny, a warm personal friend of the President, has paid a visit to London, with, it is said, some political object in view. The Corsaire paper was seized in Paris on Saturday for publishing an article reflecting severely on the President. Thirty individuals accused of belonging to a society, having for its object the restoration of the House of the Bourbons, have been declared guilty, and sentenced to six months imprisonment. A ship builder at Havre has contracted to build a steam frigate for the Pope. The government has given its sanction to a proposition for a lottery of 7,000,000 francs to raise funds to send out six thousand distressed persons to California. The price of bread in Paris is decreasing. It is said that a section of the Legationists will place Gen. Changarnier as a candidate in opposition to Louis Napoleon at the next election. Prince de Joinville seems to have sunk into insignificance.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.—There is a rumor from Vienna that Lord Palmerston is urging upon the King of Prussia to insist upon the Holsteins laying down their arms and that he has offered an English fleet for the blockade of Kiel.

The Grand Duke of Oldenburg has, it is said, declared his readiness to ascend the throne of Denmark, on condition that Schleswig and Holstein shall constitute two undivided Duchies of the German Empire. Several battalions of Hungarians in the Austrian army in Lombardy have revolted, and the revolt was only suppressed by force accompanied with bloodshed.

A conspiracy at Milan is also said to have been discovered. The Hungarian refugees have received permission to quit the Turkish territory when the terms of location is over. Kosuth, it is said, applied to remain in Constantinople, but the Divan is undecided on this point which might give rise to complication.

GERMANY.—Angry notes continue to be exchanged between Prussia and Austria, German affairs appear to be quite as much complicated as at any previous time.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES.—On the 26th April, the Holsteins commenced offensive operations, proceeding from Rendsburg on both sides of the Eider. They have attacked Tönning, and the Danes have evacuated the place. At the last accounts the Holsteins had surrounded and bombarded Friedrichstadt. The neighboring country, by cutting off the dykes of the Eider, have been thrown under water. It seems that the Holsteins cannot push their advantages far unless the Danes choose to engage in a general battle. The Holsteins have done little or nothing offensively. The King of Denmark, the hereditary prince Ferdinand and their suites have left Copenhagen for Elsenburg, whence they would proceed to Schleswig. They will risk a general engagement before the winter comes on, possibly.

CASE OF SHOOTING.—About 11 o'clock on Wednesday night a serious case of shooting occurred in Franklin street or alley, under the following circumstances:—About that hour Archibald Forrester, with two others, demanded admission to the house of Alfred H. Stowe, to see a woman that he claimed was there. On being refused, Forrester renewed the demand and knocked the door violently, making threats that he would get in at all events. He was told by Stowe that if he persisted he would shoot him. After some further altercation, Forrester was assisted to mount to a window and made his way partly in, in defiance of repeated warnings of Stowe, when the latter fired a pistol twice and lodged two balls in Forrester's face, cutting his lips badly, though it is thought not making a mortal wound. Stowe was arrested by officers Kipp, Congden and Bowman. Officer Phillips also arrested Mary Gilbert, Sarah B. Hill and Franklin Davis, who were found in the house with Stowe, who on examination yesterday were discharged. Stowe was remanded for further examination. The affair is disgraceful to all concerned.—*Troy Whig*.

BY THE MAILS.

MARYLAND FACTORIES STOPPED.—We learn from the *Howard, Ellicott's Mills, Gazette*, that the largest of the factories at the Union Works ceases to run after Saturday, and the other two run half time, as they all have been running for some time past. By this arrangement over 200 hands are discharged at a blow, and very recently nearly 100 were discharged at Patapsco Factory, which is running but half the machinery about three quarters time. The Thistle is stopped, the proprietors having taken this opportunity to repair their dam, and the Laurel is similarly situated. The Laurel is not expected to run before January, if then; and the *Savage*, the *Gazette* is informed is running slow speed three quarters time, at something like 25 per cent. reduction of wages. Sykesville Factory, too, is running but a portion of each week, and the Granite Factory, of the village of Endicott's Mills, has been standing several weeks. Thus in that immediate neighborhood, some 600 persons have been thrown out of employment within a few weeks.—This is a serious state of things.

ROBBERY AND SUPPOSED ABDUCTION.—A man calling himself J. B. Swazey, from Plymouth, Ct., came to the hotel of S. Miller, at Elizabethtown, on Monday last, to meet a person named Phelps. He remained till Thursday, and Phelps not coming, he left Newark, where, according to his account, he met Phelps, and made an engagement to meet him at nine that night, at the Elizabethtown depot, for the purpose of looking at some horses, Swazey being a dealer in them. Swazey accordingly returned and went to the depot at the time when Phelps invited him to go to his uncle's, where he supposed his brother was with his horses.

They proceeded down the railroad, and shortly after passing the bridge Swazey was struck down by a blow from a third person, and robbed of \$1200 in bank notes, and a silver lever watch, with a gold guard chain. A person, passing about 11 o'clock that night discovered him lying on the ground, and took him back to Miller's Hotel, where it was found that he was badly injured, and his mouth filled with dirt. Physicians were called, including Dr. Stearns, who found the back part of his head much indented, apparently with a slung shot.

He had been carefully attended and remained in bed in a helpless condition, until it was found, on Saturday morning that he had suddenly disappeared, with every article of his clothing. It is thought that he has gone off in a deranged state, or that he has been abducted and murdered by the perpetrators of the robbery, for the purpose of eluding justice.

Three young men, the oldest 21, and the others 17 to 19, were apprehended at the depot, by the sheriff, yesterday morning, who, with another, all strangers, had lodged in the same house on the night of the robbery, on one of whom were found a new dress coat and pantaloons, stolen from the bar keeper of the hotel, concealed under his shirt. They have been examined before A. M. Elmer, Esq., and all of them relate contradictory stories.—*Newark Mercury*.

THE SEASON.—For some weeks past the weather in this quarter has been fine in the extreme. Autumn never came in a richer dress or more genial temper. The clear sunshine of September and October has had only short interruptions of flying clouds. The temperature has exhibited a delightful variation from the bluntness of summer air to the invigorating breeze of early autumn. Soft showers have occurred at intervals, mostly at night, to lay the dust and enliven the atmosphere. The verdure of the fields has been kept in extraordinary freshness by the luxuriant vegetation of the past season. The brilliant hues of the autumnal foliage surpass every thing of the kind that we have ever before witnessed. The landscape is now unparalleled for its picturesque brightness and variety of tint. The forests have robed themselves in a mantle of russet, gold, and purple, the magnificence of which is heightened by the wonderful transparency of the air. Now and then the deep blue of the sky has been mellowed by the golden flush of the Indian summer. In short, the whole season has exhibited the highest perfection of a New England autumn.—*Boston Courier*.

ACCIDENT AT PIER NO. 8.—At 12 o'clock this morning, some fifty feet of pier No. 8, North River, gave way under a pressure of a weight of probably 100 tons of iron, tin, &c. The spiles being pressed out, laterally, or into the mud, vertically, and the superincumbent planks and timbers broken. Twelve or fifteen men were precipitated into the water, but it is believed they succeeded in saving themselves, though some of them were seriously injured. Two persons, colored men, were sent to the Hospital—one with a broken leg. A horse and truck, which had just started to leave, loaded with iron, broke through the planking, and went to the bottom. They belonged to Mr. Biggs. The driver barely escaped by swimming out under the stern of the Western World. Another cart was lost, but the horse saved much mangled. Among the articles lost, are 160 or 175 tons of pig iron, about five tons of tin, in boxes; and 25 or thirty tons of railroad iron.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

FALL RIVER RAILROAD.—The receipts for the ten months ending Sept. 30, 1849, \$169,141, against \$141,832, in the corresponding ten months of the previous year. Adding the receipts of October and November of 1849, we have a gross income of over \$200,000 for the present year, on a capital of \$1,050,000. December 1, 1849, the company owed \$102,000, which was to be paid from the earnings of the road. It will be seen, therefore, that the profits of 1850 will clear the company of debt, and that hereafter, the dividends will be regular. The net profits of 1850 are between 9 and 10 per cent.

ASHBEL MILLER, of Westfield, Mass., is in the Springfield jail, charged with an incestuous outrage upon his own daughter.

NEW CITY PARK.—A large tract of land extending from the Bloomingdale road to the North River, and comprising about fifty acres, has recently been purchased by a gentleman of fortune, with the intention of laying it out in a most beautiful and attractive manner, on the plan of the Regent's Park in London, with picturesque roadways running through it, ponds, cascades, &c. An outlet from the Croton River through the grounds, is proposed to be made subservient to this design. The necessary surveys were commenced last week by Mr. Charles F. Anderson, the architect, who also made the plans for Castle Kenilworth, an elegant summer watering-place hotel proposed to be erected on the peak of the highlands of Neversink, the design of which is exhibiting at Rathbun's Hotel.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

OUR mackerel fishermen, we regret to say, are doing a very slim business this year. A gentleman who has lately made a tour of the Cape, informs us that there are not at present 2,000 barrels of mackerel in the country. Two years ago, at the same season of the year, he counted over 20,000 barrels on the wharves of the Cape. A much larger fleet is now engaged in the business than at that time, and its failure this year would greatly depress our enterprising capitalists. We hope, however, that this last resort of our fishermen, the school off Chatham, will not disappoint their reasonable expectations.

Yarmouth Register.

PASSED MIDSHIPMEN RESTORED.—The Portsmouth Pilot states that Passed Midshipmen Rowe, Kell, Clarke, and Hopkins, who were dismissed some six months ago, by sentence of court martial, for refusing to obey certain orders on board the *Albany*, have all been restored to their original position in the Navy of the United States.—Their offence consisted in refusing to obey the command of a Lieutenant to light a candle for him.

THERE is a spurious tea manufactory in Jersey. Damaged tea from the bonded warehouses, tea-leaves from the hotels in London, and the indigenous leaves of the island are converted into what is sold for tea.

DANIEL BELKNAP died at Rockton, Herkimer County, on the 25th ult., at the advanced age of 86. He was a school-mate of De Witt Clinton, and when quite young took part in the war of the Revolution.—The *Newburgh Expositor* has the following interesting notice of him:—

"He was the frequent bearer of letters to Washington, and other officers, while quartered at Newburgh, and was present when the General received and read to his brave comrades the despatches from Dr. Franklin, announcing the joyful news of help from France; this being only one of two occasions when he ever saw the Father of his Country laugh—as he then did heartily, waving his cocked hat, and saying in an ecstasy, 'Boys! the day is our own!' The other was a pleasant smile produced by his attendant on the baptism of a child at a neighboring church, when, to his surprise, the mother gave its name as *George Washington Wood*."

STRIKE FOR WAGES. The journeyman ship-carpenters of Portsmouth have struck for higher wages. They now receive \$1.50 per day, but as the days are growing short, and the time which they can devote to their employers is lessened, they now charge \$1.75, and break off work to obtain it. They had a public meeting, and Mr. Russell, a fellow-craftsman and a member of the Legislature, presided over them.—The morality of this proceeding may, we presume, be compared with others of a similar nature, with which we have been made acquainted here. Some enterprising ship-builders of Portsmouth have procured contracts for building several new ships, which contracts were predicated upon the existing common rate of wages, which certainly appears to be a fair rate for a mechanic in that place. But under the guidance of evil teachers, the journeymen approach their employer as a highwayman seizes his victim, and offer him the chance of giving up his contract, or of carrying it on without profit, and perhaps with much loss. We hope that the ship-builders of Portsmouth will be able to sustain themselves against this combination, though the present state of ship-building in New England, and the demand for workmen are against them.—*Boston Courier*.

THE POTATO ROT.—A schooner arrived here last Friday from Nova Scotia, with three hundred barrels of potatoes, only fifteen of which proved good at the time of opening her hatches. When she started, twelve days before they were in perfect order, and better potatoes, it is said, were never seen. We learn these facts as the Custom House.—*Boston Mail*.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.—There is a man in the Massachusetts General Hospital, a laborer on the railroad, who was so badly injured by an accident that he was obliged to have his leg amputated; he is supported by his former employer on the following liberal scale—the man when well was paid \$30 per month; he is now paid by the same employer, \$35 per month.

AN INTERESTING incident occurred in the First Ward yesterday, which illustrates the feeling inspired by the recent slave law in respect to fugitives. It appears that while a policeman was conveying a drunken man to the Station House, he met with a colored man driving a truck, whom he asked to render him some assistance, by permitting him to place the drunken culprit on the cart, but the poor negro misunderstood him, and instead of rendering the assistance required, he jumped off his vehicle and ran as if the United States Marshal and all the "stars" of New York were at his heels, and he has not been seen since. His horse and cart were taken to the Station House, where they remain to be claimed. The negro was, beyond doubt, a fugitive slave, and mistook the appearance of the "star" for a personal summons to return to his master.—*N. Y. Cour. & Eng.*

RECIPROCAL SYMPATHY.—Nearly half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, on a forenoon, when a little past Bishopston, a lady in a coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired, and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up, give him a seat, and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired of the boy what his object in coming there.—He said he wished to be a sailor and hoped some of the captains would engage him.—She gave him half a crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well. Twenty years after this, the coach returning to Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road, when near Bishopston, a sea captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slow, fatigued and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Immediately after, when changing horses at Bishopston, the passengers were sauntering about, except the captain and old lady, who remained in the coach. The old lady thanked him for his kindly feeling towards her, as she was now unable to pay for a seat. He said he had always sympathy for weary pedestrians, since he himself was in that state, when a boy, twenty years ago, near this very place, when a tender hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat. "Well do I remember that incident," said she, "I am that lady, but my lot in life has changed. I was then independent, but I am now reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son."—"How happy I am," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprise, and am now returning home to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum till your death."

BLOWN OFF.—A man named Riley, employed on Eggleston's section of the railroad, near Hyde Park, as an overseer, was killed on Tuesday of last week. It appears that it is a custom on the road where they are blasting extensively, for the men to prepare a number of blasts, and while they are at dinner the overseer charges and fires them off. On the day alluded to, the men had all gone off the work to dinner, leaving Riley to fire the blasts, which they heard explode, but on returning they could find nothing of the man, and a search was at once instituted, which resulted in the discovery of particles of blood floating on the surface of the water near the shore of the river, and upon dragging the bottom his mangled body was drawn, scarcely retaining a vestige of human shape.—He had been blown into the river, but did not reach the water alive. No one saw the occurrence and consequently the immediate cause of the accident is unknown.

Poughkeepsie Journal.

ORESTES BADGER, Esq., aged 58 years, committed suicide on the night of the 3d inst., at Otsego, by severing the femoral artery with a knife which he had sharpened during the day. Mr. B. had suffered from disease for many years, causing severe pain and producing great depression of spirits, which he had hoped to relieve by a too free use of morphine, and this induced mental aberration, under which he committed suicide. He was a man of ability, and of high standing and influence.

A WOMAN appeared in Ithaca a few days since, and stated to the owner of a particular house that her husband (now dead) eight years ago buried \$8000 near said house. She offered the owner of the property \$1000 to help her dig for the pile.—He accepted the offer, but the hunt was given up after a protracted but fruitless search.

ON THE Kennebec and Portland Railroad, on Tuesday, a horse was killed, a wagon smashed, and the driver, a woman, thrown into a ditch, without much injury, by collision with the engine. The woman drove forward without noticing the train, and the engine's scream of alarm frightened the horse, who leaped at once upon the train.

A WOMAN WITHOUT EARS.—The Rev. B. H. Benton, in a letter to the *London Va. Chronicle*, gives an account of a colored woman without ears. She not only has no signs of an ear on either side of the head, but no trace of a passage way for the vibration of sounds. Yet she can converse and distinctly hear words—through her mouth. The Rev. gentleman asks in view of this whether the sound is transmitted to the brain by means of the tympanum, or does it act on the auditory nerves without the intervention of the drum and appendant organs? This is an interesting question for physiologists.

SMASH UP.—The morning express passenger train from Boston upon the Western Railroad, and the express freight train from Norwich came in contact at the junction in this city on Saturday morning. Considerable damage was done to the engines and cars, but fortunately no person was injured. The Norwich engine was so far upon the track of the Western road as to break in the sides of all the passenger cars in the Western train as it passed, and to knock the trucks around and set them crosswise of the cars. It seems wonderful that no one was injured. It belonged to the Western train to hold up for the Norwich train, but it is said that a train on the Providence track, which also unites with the others at this junction, prevented the engineer from seeing the Norwich train till too late.—Measures ought to be taken to guard against any future collision from such a cause.—*Worcester Spy*.

POWERFUL DRUG.—The Academy of Science of France has appointed a commission to ascertain the remedial powers of a drug, which, under the name of Cedran, has been introduced for the cure of hydrophobia, and of diseases produced by action of the nervous system. It is said to have the property of counteracting a poison of the rattlesnake and all venomous reptiles.

MR. CLAY AT HOME.—On Wednesday morning last a telegraphic despatch was received from Maysville, announcing the fact that Mr. Clay had arrived in that city and that he was expected to reach Ashland that evening. The news spread through the city with almost the same rapidity that the telegraphic wires had brought it from Maysville, and there was a universal determination, short as the time was, to extend to him a public reception. Every one seemed to feel that such a manifestation of respect and gratitude was due him at this time, when he was returning to his quiet abode after having performed almost superhuman labors during the recent arduous, protracted, and at times gloomy session of Congress. It was the noble promptings of generous hearts to a great public benefactor, who had so powerfully and effectively raised his arm to avert the threatened blow to our glorious Union; and the spontaneous enthusiasm created by the announcement that Mr. Clay was in a few hours to be in our midst, could not be repressed.

He arrived about nine o'clock, amidst the firing of cannon, the ascent of rockets, and the blaze of bonfires. He had chosen to come in the night to avoid all public demonstrations; but as he said in substance, in the few remarks he made to the vast concourse which greeted him on his arrival, the friendship of his neighbors was too vigilant for all his precautionary steps.

When he descended from his carriage, three loud and long continued cheers went up from the immense multitude who had gathered in front of the Phoenix Hotel. In a few moments he appeared upon the balcony, and briefly addressed the people in that style and with that voice which never fail to produce an electrifying effect. He said that he came home, after his long absence, with feelings far different from those which at times he experienced at Washington in regard to the safety of the Union, and with it the liberties of the country. But all was now over, and he rejoiced with them in the deliverance from danger. In concluding, Mr. Clay said that he was glad to see them again; and here he pointed his finger to Ashland in a manner so irresistibly comic that for some time not a word could be heard from him. When order was restored, he said that glad as he was to see them, there was an old lady about a mile and a half off, with whom he had lived for more than fifty years, whom he would rather see than all of them; and he retired amidst general, loud, and long continued cheering.

We have seldom seen him in finer health or better spirits; and certainly we have never known him to return among us when his return produced so deep and intense emotion.—*Lexington (Ky.) Observer 5th*.

BETTER THAN JENNY LIND TICKETS.—The sale of pews in the Calvary Church in New York took place this week. Eighty-seven were sold at premiums from \$300 to \$500. About a dozen only were sold at par. The aggregate amount of premiums received over the minimum valuation was between \$7000 and \$8000. The highest price was \$850.

THE BOSTON correspondent of the *Newburyport Herald* thinks the recent failures among the Dry Good Houses in Boston, should open the eyes of business men to the wild and reckless manner in which many persons in that trade in Boston conduct their business, and able to show to the public that much which passes as shrewdness and enterprise are but a slight modification of the spirit of gambling. He remarks that no class of traders in the community make so much upon so small a capital, or swell so much upon small means, or are so uppish upon so limited a basis, as those engaged in this business.—One of these firms, upon a capital of only \$20,000, have obtained credit for upwards of \$450,000, and are reported to have a stock of goods on hand worth \$200,000, or ten times the amount of their capital.—And yet a list of their mourners, (as creditors are facetiously called,) is found to embrace most of our leading houses, whose partners are regarded as model merchants.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A girl by the name of Elizabeth Jones, whose parents live near Houghton's nursery, on the St. Clair road, was killed in Younglove & Hoyt's paper mill to-day about one o'clock, by being caught in a set of mitre wheels.

The wheels were in a room unoccupied by the girls, and near the ceiling, some 8 or 9 feet from the floor and making about one hundred revolutions per minute. But there was a pile of sacks to within three feet of them.

She in a frolicsome mood ran upon the sacks and as she raised herself, brought the back of her neck in contact with the wheels and was instantly killed, her neck having passed between them. She had on at the time a sun bonnet, which prevented her seeing her danger.

Cleveland Herald, 11th.

TRIAL OF W. LOWDEN.—At the recent term of the Court of Oyer and Tremier for Orleans co., N. Y., at which Justice James G. Hoyt presided, assisted by Hon. R. Curtis, and Frances D. Boardman, and Arba Chubb, Esqrs.

William Lowden formerly of Medina, was tried and convicted of the murder of his wife Charlotte, by administering poison in December, 1849.

The principal witness on the part of the people was Julia Ann Lowden, daughter of the prisoner, whose evidence was strong and conclusive. According to her testimony, the conduct of the prisoner towards his wife during the four years preceding her death, was brutal and inhuman in the extreme. He had menaced her with oaths, and whipped and beaten her until she became insane from the fear of his presence. The prisoner's guilt was established beyond a chance of a doubt, and the verdict of the jury was, accordingly, guilty.

He was sentenced to be executed on the 22d of November. This is the first conviction for murder in the county of Orleans.

ALL FOR LOVE.—Yesterday morning a suspicious looking package was received at the Post Office in this city, post-marked "St. Louis—20c. paid—Charles Baker care of M. Wickersham." This Baker to whom the package was addressed, was arrested a month or two since on the route between this place and St. Louis after being detected in the act of taking one of the mail bags. He was brought to this city, examined, and committed to jail. A few days after this, some discoveries were made in a trunk, in possession of a woman passing for Baker's wife, in St. Louis, which implicated him as having been extensively engaged in mail depredations. During Baker's confinement several demonstrations have been made at night about the jail, as supposed, to effect release; and on one or two occasions came very near making his escape. The jailor has, therefore, put him in irons, secured him to the floor. The package, which was opened and found to contain three pamphlets, bound together and lettered with gold, "All for Love."

Our postmaster and Mr. Wickersham concluded that these pamphlets—one which was the trial of Professor Webster, were not so neatly bound for nothing. Accordingly the book was taken to a binder and pronounced that nothing was concealed about it. This did not satisfy Mr. Wickersham. He thought from the thickness of the covers, that the book contained something which was to assist Baker in making his escape. After reaching home he commenced cutting up the covers of the book, and two small saws about eight inches in length, such as machinists use in sawing iron, were brought to view! Thus he had foiled another deep laid scheme to effect the escape of Baker, who is believed to be at the head of a large gang of village scoundrels all through the West. The book matter should be investigated. No but a workman could have concealed the saws in the cover of a book none but a sagacious rogue could have suggested the plan, and none but a vigilant jailer could have detected it.—*Springfield Journal*.

FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.—I have just been informed of a melancholy catastrophe resulting out of the operation of this infamous bill—which occurred at the village of a quacknock on Saturday evening last. The particulars, as far as I can learn, are as follows: A theft had occurred in the village, a free black man, a resident, was accused of the act; a warrant was taken out against him; two constables who had gone to his house to take him prisoner, found that he had gone off up the river; they followed a ter and met him returning on horseback. By this time it was dark. The constable attempted to seize him; the poor fellow supposing they were kidnappers, jumped from his horse and fled home. The constables went to his house to seize him when still laboring under the same impression, he attacked them with a knife, determined to die rather than be taken to slavery. He so severely wounded one of the constables in the neck with the knife, that he is not expected to live. Subsequently it was proved that he was at home when the theft took place, and had no hand in whatever. He also stated that if the constables had told him for what they were seizing him he would have made no resistance. The colored people are under such terror from the fact that they can easily be seized under this atrocious law that they will be likely, in defending themselves, to be the means of shedding blood.

Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Joseph Hunt, one of the oldest residents and most respectable citizens of the county, was seized with symptoms of hydrophobia on Tuesday last, and after suffering much pain and anguish, died on Friday evening following. He was a man of robust constitution, about seventy years of age, and of great benevolence and goodness of character, and universally esteemed. Mr. Hunt resided in the village of Downingtown, with his brother, Joshua Hunt, formerly a Representative in the Senate of this State, and a gentleman extensively known—he was born in the house where he died. The first decided symptoms which caused alarm in Mr. Hunt, appeared on Tuesday evening last. He was at the election, voted as usual, and on the evening of that day, he complained that he felt a pain in his right arm. On the following day the pain continued to increase. On Wednesday night the symptoms becoming such as to alarm his friends, Dr. Leech was sent for on Thursday morning. The most eminent physicians in Philadelphia had been sent for, but they failed to arrive: a consultation of several physicians, however, was held, Drs. Leech, Willis, Coates, Edger and Eshelman. But it was evident that human skill was vain: the most dangerous symptoms continued, and the physical powers of the patient began rapidly to decline. He was unable to eat or drink or to take medicine, and he himself said he should die hungry and dry. In order to relieve his sufferings, chloroform was administered by inhalation, which afforded him temporary repose. At about 7 o'clock on Friday evening he died without a struggle. The wound was inflicted upon the wrist of the right arm, and although apparently not much more than a scratch the blood flowed freely. After a day or two the wrist was tied up by an intimate female friend, the only person to whom he communicated the bite, and it quickly healed up.

West Chester Village Record.

A NOBLE BRIDGE FOR A NEW COUNTRY.—The suspension bridge now being built by a company, of Muscatine, Iowa, over the Cedar river, has a single span of six hundred and forty-five feet, and will be the longest single span in the world except the Wheeling bridge, which is 1000 feet.—This we call pretty well for a "new country."—*Muscatine Enquirer*.

The funeral of Mr. E. MITCHELL, who was shot in the election affair the other evening, in Baltimore, took place on Saturday morning, and was a mile in length.—The military companies took part in it.

NEWPORT MERCURY,
NEWPORT.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 19, 1850.

OUR COUNTRY is fast being settled and made productive under the industry of the present race. The Indian, Buffalo and Deer have been crowded farther and farther into the interior until now they briefly pause on the Pacific, waiting the onward march of civilization that must sweep them from the earth. The resources of the country have been developed rapidly; its treasures are constantly being brought to light, and the enterprise and industry of the usurpers have been so directed as to secure the harvest ripe for the reaper. Astonishing as the developments have thus far been, we yet see not the end, and none can say what great and unlooked for treasures may reward the adventurous spirits that explore and settle the unappropriated wilds of the west. But a few years have elapsed since Lake Superior was looked upon as almost out of the white man's reach; now its mighty cliffs and rocks of copper echo to the clang of the forge and the unceasing blow of the miners' sledge. The silence that has reigned here for ages is now broken; the first cabin has been erected to be followed by towns and cities teeming with life, while thousands will delve for the Indiana's treasures.

To these shores, and for the same purpose, the red man turned his steps long anterior to the settlement of America by the whites. Here with his rude tools he fashioned bracelets, spoons &c. that have by their excellence surprised a civilized world. The charcoal and the numberless stone tools found among the tribes, is proof of their general appreciation. May we not suppose that articles of copper were a legal tender? We know that arrow heads made from a certain stone of Nova Scotia, were so circulated, and as these mines were so guarded by the priests that none could make use of the metal without their sanction, we may draw the inference that they were highly valued by distant tribes.

In the early settlement of America the natives refused to make known the position of their mines, and for want of this information they were not discovered until the French Jesuits, pushing their way west from Canada, came upon large masses of native copper on the shores of the Lake, and in the beds of the neighboring streams. The Indian priests prohibited their tribes making known the locality, and the latter, whenever attempts were made to obtain information, showed by their reluctance how fully their superstitious minds were imbued with a dread of the evil Manitou's vengeance, should they disclose the secret entrusted to them.

The earliest accounts that we have of the copper of Lake Superior, are found in the works of "Lagarde," published in Paris 1630. He says: "There are mines of copper which might be made profitable if there were inhabitants and workmen who would work faithfully." The earliest English traveller was "Alex. Henry," who spent from 1770 to 1776 in a trading voyage. He says: "The object to which I more expressly went and to which I had the satisfaction of being led, was a mass of copper according to my estimation of not less than five tons. Such was its pure and malleable state, that with an axe I was able to cut a portion weighing one hundred pounds."

So late as 1800 little had been done towards exploring this section of country, and it was not until after the war of 1812 that any considerable attention was paid to this source of wealth. Since then the country has been repeatedly surveyed, and is now divided into townships. Sections have been purchased by companies, operations commenced, and some idea of the extent of this vast treasure house made known to the world, which has been followed by a due proportion of excitement. In 1846 the mania was at its height; speculations and stock-gambling was carried to a degree that destroyed all confidence, and for a time impeded the progress of those at work on right principles.

The greatest difficulty in the way of successful mining, is the expense attending transportation. Every barrel of flour, and every pound of copper from the mines, has to be shipped to Sault Ste Marie; there landed and carted a mile across the portage and re-shipped. This is done to avoid the falls, and must be the only mode until a canal is cut. The present cost of transporting copper to the Atlantic coast is \$15 per ton.

Until the discovery of mines in America, those of the Ural mountains were looked upon as the only ones that produced native copper. In the trap rock of America native copper is found in Nova Scotia, New Jersey, Connecticut, and on the Coppermine River. In these cases the supply is small, but in a section of country, about one hundred and twenty miles in length, and twelve in width, lying on the southern shore of Lake Superior, masses of the most astonishing size are found on the surface and in the veins. From the latter large ellipsoidal masses of pure copper weighing more than eighty tons have been taken. These veins have already been worked to considerable extent, yet so far from running out the lodes steadily augment and the masses increase. In nearly all the veins large masses of pure silver are found, and in many of the mines the copper is impregnated with it, which, as it gives it more strength and prevents its rapid corrosion by the action of sea water, adds materially to its value. It also adds to its value for cannon, as its superior toughness admits of lighter casting and the piece still be safe.

The miners are generally from Cornwall, England. Houses have been built near the mines, and soon we may look for flourishing towns. They have a regular physician employed by the companies, and a clergyman is from time to time engaged to perform service. Preparations are being made to establish schools to enlighten and improve those who must have a limited connection with the world until the surrounding wilderness becomes settled by the western emigrant.

This is the celebrated Ontonagon copper rock, now on the ground near the War Department, Washington.

SIMMONS' OAK HALL, Boston, is favorably known throughout the country as the largest clothing establishment in the Union. It is the resort of thousands of traders from every section, to purchase their stock of clothing.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—We have seen elsewhere some of the particulars in these pages, and are now as much gratified by the possession of the facts in the case, as we were disgusted with the heartlessness of the body before which the evidence was produced.

To condense into the smallest possible compass, the case is simply this. About two years ago, the community of New Haven, was thrown into intense excitement by transactions in the progress of which a number of the faculty of a Theological Seminary in that place, were involved. It arose from this: Mr. A. a licentiate, had expressed a desire to become acquainted with Miss B. well known in the literary world as a lady of the highest endowments, and one that had gained the highest public testimonial that woman can ever hope to gain. She was a teacher of young ladies, and was in the habit of holding a kind of levee at her parlor, where occasionally she invited both ladies and gentlemen of the city to meet her pupils. Mr. A. was admitted, and from that date paid the most assiduous court to Miss B. always expressing for her the deepest attachment, and in other circles speaking of her most slightly. She repeatedly forbade his visits, but he as pertinaciously forced himself upon her society. The rumors current reached her ear, and she in a peremptory manner forbade him the house. The dastard in return circulated a report that Miss D. had as many as five times offered herself to him, and he as often replied that it was a thing not to be thought of, "adding that he was forced to continue his attention to spare the lady's feelings. Foul as this would seem, it ended not here, for at the trial before an association of clergymen he was supported by old and reverend men (bound to him by ties of blood) who labored to injure the plaintiff. The charges brought by A. were not proved neither did he disprove the charges brought to bear upon him, yet he was acquitted! but by a vote of 12 to 11. At the same time it was voted that he had been imprudent and should be admonished with Christian and Parental kindness.

We have no words to express our abhorrence of the despicable acts that were resorted to (in public and before the tribunal) to disgrace this pure and amiable woman. And while we regret that human nature, brought to the highest state of cultivation, should sink so low in the scale of depravity, we cannot but rejoice that Miss Beecher (the intelligent writer) has stopped that he was forced to continue his attention to spare the lady's feelings. Foul as this would seem, it ended not here, for at the trial before an association of clergymen he was supported by old and reverend men (bound to him by ties of blood) who labored to injure the plaintiff. The charges brought by A. were not proved neither did he disprove the charges brought to bear upon him, yet he was acquitted! but by a vote of 12 to 11. At the same time it was voted that he had been imprudent and should be admonished with Christian and Parental kindness.

LECTURES ON PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE, by James P. W. Johnston.—We would have the farmer benefited in every way: we would have him acquainted with all the connections that exist between science and practical agriculture, and we would have him elevated in all that will make him acquainted with the nature of his pursuit, and make him sensible of his high calling.—The work before us is eminently qualified for this. It treats of the most important features of agriculture, pointing out its relations to geology, mineralogy, zoology, chemistry and botany.—The whole business of the farmer is so handled as to secure the utmost attention from every practical man. The great volume of nature is opened to him and he sees at a glance its hidden mysteries and treasures. The properties of the earth and the soils, the connection between the earth and the vegetable kingdom, and the connection and relation between that kingdom and the animal kingdom, with the means of improving each, are made known in a manner that will delight him, and make him a better and thereby a more prosperous agriculturist. We commend this book to the farmers of Rhode Island.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS MAGAZINE.—The October number of this ever welcome magazine has been received. Contents:—A brief review of the Union—past and present; International improvements in the state of New York; Money—its history and philosophy. No 2; A Commercial exploring expedition around the world: American reciprocity and British free trade, &c. &c. No one can read this work without deriving instruction on all matters connected with commercial transactions. Its articles are all handled by persons conversant with their subjects; and the whole tone of the work evinces that its conductor is possessed of the varied powers and amount of knowledge requisite to do justice to the task that devolves upon him.

INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—We are pleased to much the change the light reading of the country is undergoing. Heretofore the mass of the monthly issue contained nothing but dull, unmeaning love tales that are enough, one would think, to reduce the circulation of any work. The people's call for a change has been responded to by Stringer & Townsend, the publishers of the International, a work well calculated to supply the demand. It is made up of tales and sketches from the best European periodicals, as well as gleanings from the better class of American journals, together with literary news and criticisms culled with much tact from received authorities. The freshness and variety in this work, added to its elegant appearance will insure it a wide circulation. Success attend it.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—We have received the last number of this "Book of the Nation." It is beautifully embellished, and in mechanical execution is unsurpassed by any of the \$3 magazines. It can be found at Tiley's.

A WONDER.—Mrs. Barsley of Unadilla, who has been confined to her room for eight months past with dropsy, was tapped on Sunday last by Dr. Garrison, of Morris, and 64 pounds and 4 ounces of water extracted. Dr. G. reports the patient to be doing well.—Copperston Journal.

CAMPBELL—SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—On Friday evening, (says the Waterbury, Ct. American,) a son of Mr. Frederick A. Warner, of that village, aged about three years, accidentally knocked off from the table a camphine lamp, which was broken by the fall, the flames from which immediately spread over its person and clothes, burning the little sufferer so badly that death ensued on Sunday night.

IN AMHERST, MASS., on Saturday, Frederick Goodale, aged 17, while foolishly playing with a rifle, put the muzzle under his chin, and remarked how easily he might kill himself, pushed back the hammer with his foot—his foot slipped, and in an instant he was dead. The ball carried away his chin, and found egress at the back of his head.

OREGON.—The Brattleboro Eagle speaks of a conversation with a gentleman whose brother had recently returned from Oregon. This gentleman resides in Portland, on the Wallywally river about 12 miles from Oregon City. A year ago this place counted 30 families; now there are 500. This gentleman is commissioned by the town to purchase a library at a cost of \$8,000, which he is now engaged in purchasing in New York and Boston. He has bought for a steam Mill in process of erection, \$30,000 worth of machinery. The cost of the journey to Oregon by the Isthmus is \$600; by the overland route \$150. He speaks of the prospects of Oregon with enthusiasm, as well as the desirableness of the territory as a residence.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been started in New York to give Watson G. Haynes \$1000 as a testimonial for his self-sacrificing and finally successful exertions to procure the abolishment of logging in the Navy.

QUAKER HABITS.—A striking instance of the absence of poverty in a large class of society is found in the case of the Quakers, or community of Friends. With some peculiarities in speech and dress, not worth while to heed, this numerous body of individuals act upon a fixed uniform principle of suppressing the passions. They curb the appetites and headlong impulses of human nature. In this may be said to lie the substance of sound morals. The Quakers, therefore, habitually practice what other classes only theorize upon, at least are seldom performing. The consequence of this guardedness in thought and action is, that although there are many thousands of Quakers in Great Britain, and many thousands in the United States of America, neither in the one country nor the other do we ever find a Quaker begging in the streets, or an intoxicated Quaker, or any one of this class of subjects and citizens at the bar of a Criminal Court! The Quakers are, like other people, engaged in the common affairs of the world; they are merchants, mechanics, artificers, mariners, and otherwise employed in the ordinary business of life. They are subject to the same temptations and perversions that we are: yet by the exercise of a singular degree of prudence, they avoid them. Here, then, is a clear demonstration, that even without the aid of civil power, but by the mere force of moral influence, there is a class of men, in the midst of society, who do escape the disgrace of poverty, and who are free from vice and crime.

The Quakers thus appear to be a standing argument against the Fourierites and other Associationists, who say that the cause of pauperism and vice is to be found in the present arrangements of society alone and not in the folly and wickedness of individuals. We are not of those who believe our present social arrangements entirely perfect, but the longer we live, the more we are inclined to think that imprudence and folly, of various kinds, act a very great part in preventing men from rising above the dreary levels of poverty and pauperism. It is a part of the Quaker creed to be economical—the Quaker who can earn five hundred dollars a year, will generally save one hundred. And if a man can succeed in saving one thousand dollars—accumulating it by the tens and hundreds—his fortune is made. He has acquired habits which will almost ensure him a competency against old age.

There is a general soundness of judgment, in relation to the affairs of this world among the Quakers, which one cannot but admire. Nearly all of them manage to accumulate a competency, while few are very wealthy. The reason of this is that they carefully avoid all speculation—trusting entirely to cause and effect, which Emerson has finely termed, "the Chancellors of God." They are also in the habit of retiring from active business when they have acquired a reasonable amount of property.

The integrity of the Quakers is proverbial. For instance, when it was announced that the English "Friends" had appointed a Committee to attend to the distribution of such funds as should be furnished them, among the poor of Ireland, every one knew that the money which was sent over would be applied to the purpose for which it was designed—that no portion would stick to the hands through which it passed. They also knew that the fund would be applied judiciously, and in aid of those who were really suffering.—Phil. Sat. Courier.

CARRYING FRUITS TO MARKET.—Not a day passes during this season of the year but we witness the effects of carelessness in carrying fruits to market. A farmer has early apples for sale—he shakes them from the trees, throws them into the box of a lumber wagon, places his half bushel measure and a dozen other things on the top of them, and drives off at a good round trot, eight, ten, or perhaps twenty miles, over a rough road, to the market town.—When he arrives there, his apples are all bruised and blackened—entirely unfit for human use. He tries to sell them—he passes up and down the streets—calls at all the groceries, and after spending most of a day, succeeds in bargaining them off, at a mere nominal price, say a shilling or two a bushel. Another farmer has the same sort of fruit—he picks them carefully, puts them in baskets or barrels, and drives them carefully to market. If he succeeds in driving them to the centre of the town before he sells he is instantly surrounded by a crowd of eager purchasers, who will not hesitate at giving him fifty cents or more a bushel, and feel well pleased with their bargain.—This man has had some satisfaction as well as profit in disposing of his fruit, and he goes home well pleased with his orchard and determined to take good care of his trees; while the former goes home grumbling at every body, declaring that "fruit ain't worth growing—they won't pay for carrying to market," &c., and determined to give himself very little concern in future about his trees.

In all branches of trade, the articles presented in the best condition in market will command the quickest sale and the best prices. If an animal is driven to market, starved, goaded, abused and worn out with fatigue by the way, it will not sell for half its value. Hay that is cut at the proper time well saved and sweet, will sell for twice as much as the same hay would improperly cured. We have seen a salesman in a dry goods store, that had the facility of showing articles to such advantage that he could sell as much as half a dozen others, and at better prices. An old friend of ours who always gets the best price for his fruit, told us that he was once in the wine trade, and by simply sealing up bottles tastefully with wax, he had been able to double their price. So it is in everything, and above all things such a perishable commodity as ripe fruit.

Genesee Farmer.

Two Weeks Later from California.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18. THE CRESCENT CITY arrived at 4 o'clock this morning, from Chagres. The Crescent City brings dates from California to Sept. 15th, and 442 passengers. The latter have one million in gold dust, and the steamer has on freight \$22,500.—The Philadelphia arrived at Chagres on the 7th. The Tennessee arrived at Panama on the 4th, with \$1,000,000 on freight, 250 passengers, and the U. S. Mails. She left San Francisco the 15th. The Equador left same day with 60 passengers. The Isthmus was to sail from San Francisco the 20th. John W. Haskell, of Boston, and John Haughton, of Windsor, Vt., died on board the Crescent City. No cases of Cholera have occurred for the past two weeks at Chagres.

SEIZURE OF SMUGGLED GOODS ON BOARD THE ATLANTIC.—During the last week, while the Atlantic steamship was lying at her dock, foot of Canal street, a quantity of linens and embroideries, to the value of nearly \$3000, were seized on board by the Custom House officers, in consequence of information given by Mr. E. Collins, the excellent agent and part proprietor of the line. The party who smuggled the articles was in the employment of the company, and has, we learn, been dismissed. N. Y. Herald.

The number of Chinese emigrants already arrived in California, is computed at 1100, most of whom went into the interior towns and to the mines immediately. They are so quiet, industrious and inoffensive, that no one quarrels with them. They receive the Bible very eagerly, and so also it is said do the Chilians in the country.

Brighton Market, Thursday, Oct. 17, 1850

At Market 1500 Beef Cattle; 21 pairs Working Oxen; 92 Cows and Calves; 7000 Sheep and Lambs; and 400 Swine. PRICES. Beef Cattle.—Extra \$8.25; first quality \$8; second \$6.75; third 4 1/2 \$4.50. Stores.—Yearlings, \$7 a 9; 2 years old, \$11 a 13; 3 years old \$19 a 28. Working Oxen.—\$62, 68, 70, 75, 80 a 100. Cows and Calves \$13.25, 28, 31, 36 a \$33. Sheep and Lambs—\$1.50, 1.75, 2.25 a 3. Swine—34 a 44 c. At retail 5 a 6 c. Fat Hogs 4 1/2 c.

Married.

At West Point, on Wednesday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, LEON JAMES C. DEANE, of the U. S. Engineers, to MISS HARRIET BROWN, eldest daughter of Capt. Brewster. In this town, on the 15th, by Rev. H. Jackson, Mr. FRANCIS DINGS to Miss MARY ALLEN, both of this place.

DIED.

On his passage from Georgetown, S. C., on the 10th, CHARLES HENRY STRICK, of this town, aged 26 years. In Middletown, Thursday morning, Mrs. SALLY LAKE.

Her funeral will take place this afternoon at 2 o'clock, from her late residence in Middletown, which relations and friends are invited to attend. In Portsmouth, R. I., Aug. 13th, JAMES GORDON only child of Gould and Anna Anthony, aged 3 years. He was a most interesting and lovely child. In him was verified this Scripture—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained praise. As we gazed upon his loved form, we remembered the Savior's words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," we could but exclaim—

"Shed not for him the bitter tear, Nor give the heart to vain regret; 'Tis but the easquet that lies here, The gem that filled it sparkles yet." E. EDMUNDS.

In East Greenwich, 15th, Mrs. ARDELISA, widow of the late Daniel Upride, Esq., in the 83d year of her age. In Providence on the 13th, Miss SALLY WHITE, aged 72 years; 15th, MARILDA, daughter of the late Power Knowles. In Little Compton, Mrs. PATIENCE WOOD, aged 69 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Port of Newport.

—ARRIVED.—

SUNDAY, Oct. 12. Brig John Balch, Melville, 10 days fm Georgetown, S. C. Sch's N. Hassard, Willis, fm Portland; Orlando, Nichols, fm Baltimore for Providence; Union, Bangs, fm Providence for Baltimore; Maria, Baker, fm Berkeley for North Carolina; Paragon, Baker, fm Providence; Fountain, Eddy, fm do for Charleston, S. C.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15. Sch's Jabez L. White, Carson, fm Philadelphia; Sarah Louisa, Crocker, fm Whitehaven, for New York; Correna, Nickerson, fm Fall River, for Albany; Frances Hallett, Walden, fm Warren, for Boston.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16. Sch's Company, Barr, fm Freetown for Dartmouth; Eliza Ann Cake, Endicott, fm Philadelphia; S'ls Capitol, Tutthill, fm Fire Island; Susan, Watson, fm Plymouth.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17. Sch's Rebecca Fogg, Cohen, fm Dighton for Philadelphia; Caspian, Patterson, fm Fall River for Gardiner; Horatio Ames, Luther, fm Somerset for New York. S'ls Ann B. Holmes, Davis, fm Fall River for Albany; Victory, Baker, fm Bristol for Yarmouth.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18. Brig Hellen Mar, Card, fm Windsor for New York. Sch's Eveline, Gibbs, fm New Bedford for Philadelphia; Erie, Churchill, fm Newburyport, for New York; Harp, Briggs, fm Wareham for Philadelphia; Mozart, Reed, fm Lubec for New York; Ophir, Real, fm Orland for New York; Splendid, Keller, fm Machias, for New York; Tobolsky, Ludwig, fm Boston for Philadelphia; Gazelle, Whitteer, fm Thomaston for New York; Jasper, Howes, fm Boston for New York; Joy, Allen, fm Dighton for Baltimore; George Washington, Williams, fm Bangor; Somerville, Dodge, fm Bangor.

S'ls Mary Jane, Harding, fm Providence for Wareham; Emulator, Sovell, fm Dennis for New York; Monitor, Davis, fm Fall River for Albany; Glide, Chase, fm Freetown; Independence, Pickens, fm Freetown.

MEMORANDA.

S'ld from Sydney, May 2d, ship Geo. Champ-lin, Swain, of this port, on a cruise. At Havana, 3th inst, brigs Ellen Hayden, Smith, and Confidence, Babcock, dis'g.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber having been appointed by the Court of Probate of the town of Jamestown, Administrator on the estate of DANIEL STANTON COTTRELL, late of said Jamestown, house carpenter, who has been absent from this state for the term of three years, without due proof of his being alive; and having given bond to said Court according to law, for the faithful discharge of said trust, requests all persons having claims against said estate to present them, and all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment to JOHN S. COTTRELL, Adm'r. Jamestown, R. I., Oct. 19th, 1850.

Court of Probate, Newport, October 14th, 1850. EDWIN WILBUR, Executor of the last will and testament of NANCY WILBUR, late of Newport, single woman, dec., presents his account on said estate for allowance.

The same is received and referred for consideration to a Court of Probate, of Newport, to be held at the Town Clerk's Office, in Newport, on MONDAY, the 11th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and notice is ordered to be given thereof by advertisement for three successive weeks in the Newport Mercury. B. B. HOWLAND, Probate Clerk.

Guardian's Notice.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate, Guardian to EDWIN BROWNELL, of Portsmouth, a person deemed by said Court incapable of managing his own affairs, and has qualified himself according to law. He therefore calls upon all persons having demand against said Brownell, to exhibit the same to him, as soon as may be, and those indebted to make immediate payment. GEORGE B. ANTHONY, Guardian. Portsmouth, Oct. 19, 1850.

CASH FOR 1850.

CITIZENS OF NEWPORT AND ITS VICINITY,

ATTEND to your interest and learn from this short notice that we have in store, and are constantly having manufactured expressly for our trade, in the best style, OVER COATS & SACKS, DRESS & TROCK COATS, made from Beaver Cloths, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds and a variety of other goods.

Pantaloon & Vests

made from the most desirable goods to be found in the market, for Fall and Winter wear.

BOYS CLOTHING,

a great variety, and prices much lower than ever before offered by us.

FURNISHING GOODS,

such as plain and fancy Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Cravats, Stocks, Handk's, Suspenders, Gloves, &c. &c.

Under Shirts & Drawes,

VERY CHEAP. HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, SHAVING SOAPS, PERFUMERY, All of which will be sold at prices that CANNOT BE BEAT. JT

All we ask of you is to give us an opportunity to show the goods, and name the prices. —AT THE— OREGON CLOTHING STORE

Corner of Thames and Franklin Streets. J. M. HAMMETT. S. HAMMETT. (October 12.)

Sherman's Bonnet Rooms

261 THAMES STREET.

MRS. A. SHERMAN, having recently returned from N. York has in store, and is constantly receiving, an assortment of Fall Goods, Bonnets, &c., to which she invites the particular attention of the Ladies. She feels confident that her Stock will compare favorably with any in town, and the Goods being now fresh, offer a favorable time to select the most desirable articles. An examination of these Goods will prove, to those who favor them with a visit, not only a pleasure, but a MATTER OF INTEREST. Newport, Oct. 12, 1850.

Court of Probate, Newport, holden Oct. 7, 1850. APPLICATION in writing is this day made, by Ruth Lawton, widow, waiving her right to administer on the estate of THOMAS LAWTON, late of Newport, Yeoman, dec., intestate, and praying this Court to appoint her sons WILLIAM H. LAWTON and ALBERT G. LAWTON, Administrators on said estate of Thomas Lawton.

The same is read, received and referred for consideration to a Court of Probate to be held at the Clerk's office, Newport, on MONDAY, the 4th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A.M. for the appointing them or some other suitable person, Administrator on said estate, and notice is ordered to be given thereof for 3 successive weeks in the Newport Mercury. B. B. HOWLAND, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Newport, holden Oct. 7, 1850. R. R. CARR, executor of the last will and testament of MARY CARR, late of Newport, dec., presents his account on said estate for allowance.

The same is received and referred for consideration to a Court of Probate to be held by the Judge of Probate, of Newport, at the Clerk's Office of said Court, in Newport, on Monday, the 4th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and notice is ordered to be given thereof, by advertisement in the Newport Mercury, for 3 successive weeks, that all persons interested may appear at said time and place, and be heard. B. B. HOWLAND, Probate Clerk.

TAKE NOTICE.

COOKING STOVES of all the new patterns, BAY STATE, MAY FLOWER, PERFECT UNION, BROWNELL'S COAL STOVES, &c. &c., No. 195 Thames-st. WM. BROWNELL. September 14, 1850.

CUMBERLAND COAL, for family use—to burn in open Grates; also, for Blacksmiths' use. For sale by C. DEVENS, Jr. Oct. 5, 1850.—JT

Mouselaine de Laines.

PLAIN, Red, Blue, Brown, Green and Mode Colors, of fair quality, at 124 cents per yard. Also a great variety of all other styles and prices, just opened by WM. C. COZZENS, & CO. October 5, 1850.

Stoves, Grates & Cylinders

LINED AT SHORT NOTICE, with Soap Stone, or Fire-brick, at the Stove Depot, Thames street, by WM. H. BLISS. Newport, Oct. 5.

AUCTION-SALE

BY S. A. PARKER, AUCTIONEER.

Bank Stock at Auction.

WILL be sold on This Day, Oct. 19th, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at 115, Thames street, 10 SHARES in the Capital Stock of the MERCHANT'S BANK.

STOCK FOR SALE.

On the 1st Wednesday of November next, will be sold at Public Auction, on the farm recently occupied by JOHN H. BARKER, in Portsmouth: 3 pair of Oxen, 12 Cows, 2 Yearlings, 1 Horse, 2 Sows with pigs, 8 Fat Hogs, Barnyard Fowls, Turkeys, a quantity of hay, 3 stacks of straw, Farming tools, a quantity of Corn and fodder.

SAMUEL A. PECKHAM, Adm'r. October 19, 1850.

Wood at Auction.

ON WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., (if fair, if not the next fair day) the subscriber will sell at public auction, on the premises, in lots to suit purchasers, ALL the wood now standing on about 14 acres of his wood lot, in Boston Neck, bounding on the Pettaquamscutt river: said wood has a growth of 30 to 60 years, is free of underbrush, easy of access, and within two miles of the South Ferry. WILETT CARPENTER. North Kingston, Oct. 19th, 1850.

Court of Probate of the Town of Newport, holden Sept. 30, 1850. WM. C. TOWNSEND, Administrator on the estate of THOMAS TOWNSEND, late of Newport, dec., presents his first account on said estate for allowance.

The same is received, and referred for consideration to a Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Clerk's Office in Newport, on Monday the 25th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and notice is ordered to be given thereof, by an advertisement to be published three successive weeks in the Newport Mercury, that all persons interested may appear at said time and place and be heard. B. B. HOWLAND, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate of the Town of Newport, September 30, 1850. PETER P. REMINGTON, Administrator on the estate of JOSIAH C. SHAW, late of Newport, dec., presents his final account on said estate for allowance.

The same are referred for consideration to a Court of Probate to be held by the Judge of Probate of Newport, at the Clerk's Office of said Court, in Newport, on Monday the 28th day of October instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and notice is ordered to be given thereof for 3 successive weeks in the Newport Mercury, that all persons interested may appear at said time and place and be heard. B. B. HOWLAND, Probate Clerk.

To the Hon. Court of Probate of the Town of Newport, to be holden on Monday the 30th of September 1850. THE subscriber Administrator on the estate of THOMAS PEABODY, late of Newport, dec., respectfully represents that the personal estate of said Peabody, is insufficient by the sum of Five hundred and Sixty-five dollars, and thirty-one cents, to pay the debts and funeral expenses of said Peabody, he therefore prays the Court, that he may be authorized and empowered in his said capacity of Administrator, to sell at Public Auction all the right, title and interest which said Peabody had at the time of his death in and to a certain lot of land situated in the town of Newport, with the dwelling-house and other buildings thereon standing, bounded Northerly on Oak street, Easterly on land late of Joshua Tripp, Southerly on land late of the heirs of Benoni Peckham, and Westerly on land of Giles Pearce, or so much thereof as will be sufficient to raise the sum of five hundred and sixty five dollars, and thirty-one cents, with incidental expenses. P. P. REMINGTON. Sept. 30, 1850.

Court of Probate of Newport, Sept. 30, 1850. UPON the above petition of Peter P. Remington, Administrator on the estate of Thomas Peabody, late of Newport, dec., the same is read, received and referred for consideration to a Court of Probate to be held on at the Town Clerk's Office, in Newport, on Monday, the 25th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and notice is ordered to be given of the pendency and prayer thereof, by publishing the same, with the order thereon, for three successive weeks in the Newport Mercury, that all persons interested may appear at said time and place and be heard. B. B. HOWLAND, Probate Clerk.

NEW GOODS

—AT— J. H. HAMMETT'S

FRENCH MERINOS; Silk and Cotton Warp, Cashmeres; M. de Laines; Long and Square Shawls; Bonnet and Belt Ribbons; Black, White and cold Kid Gloves; Cashmere & Silk Gloves; Linen Cambric Hdk's, &c. &c. Oct. 4, 1850.

COAL!! COAL!! COAL!!!

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he has on hand a first rate trial of Red Ash Stove and Egg Coal, selected with great care from the best Mines in Pennsylvania; which he offers for sale as low as can be bought in town. ALSO—PICTOU COAL, for Blacksmiths' use CHARLES DEVENS, On Devens' Wharf, South side of the Bank of Rhode Island. May 23rd.

Desirable Real Estate on Kay street, FOR SALE.

THE GOTHIC COTTAGE on Kay, corner of Brindley Street, commodious and conveniently arranged, commanding in prospect, and recently erected, at present in the occupancy of Mrs. Wallop. Also, several eligible BUILDING Lots in the same vicinity. Apply to MARSHAL C. SLOCUM. Oct. 5, 1850. —Im.

LINEN GOODS.

4-4 WHITE LINENS; 5-4 White Linens, Brown and White Linen Covers, Linen Towels, do Napkins, do Doilies; Huckerback Diapers—brown & white; Scotch do. Oct. 5
